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The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1913.

ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD BUDGET.

That the Administrative Board's statement of what it needs for the work under its control during the next year should receive the most serious consideration by the Council Budget Committee is a fundamental condition for the successful working of Richmond's new form of government. These five men are to be held responsible for the work done by the departments under their control. They should be given the money needed so far as possible. If their estimates are reduced without clear reason they will refuse to bear the responsibility of failures to accomplish the results expected. They will argue justly that what they required to carry out their work was not provided, and that as a result they have been hampered.

The central principle of the Administrative Board is responsibility. At present there is no just measure of what the board can do. Even the estimates submitted to the Council must be in the nature of an experiment, since these gentlemen have been in office less than two months. They have not yet gotten the intimate knowledge of the workings of the departments, their needs, or extravagances. They are not able to balance the various demands made upon city funds against each other for the best results to the whole organic municipal life. It may be that some of their recommendations are too large, and that others are too small. These are necessary evils incident to a new form of control. To a certain extent the discretion of the Council will have to adjust conflicting claims for money. As a general proposition, The Times-Dispatch believes that the board should be granted what it asks, with definite provision as to what the funds are for, and clear understanding that it must stand or fall by the actual results achieved for the taxpayer with this allotment.

While we think the estimates of the board should be treated as excellent guides, we further believe that this first year is no time for extravagance. In this trial year, we judge that much of the board's time and energy should be directed toward getting the highest possible efficiency out of present means and men. When that has been achieved, it will be time to give large increases. Let us try out to the full the benefits of economy and efficiency before beginning expansion.

We attempt no analysis of the individual items of the board's budget. We agree that such large improvements as the walling of Shockoe Creek should be treated in a comprehensive way, and not foisted in small annual appropriations. There is no ultimate economy in this process. The expenditures for departments, increases of forces, and the demands for equipment can never be treated scientifically to avoid waste until more exhaustive data has been secured, and the principles of civil service and efficiency standards inaugurated.

In conclusion, we repeat that the board is on trial. It must be treated justly this year. Next year it will be judged on what it has actually accomplished in improved service for Richmond.

SIC TRANSIT MISSISSIPPI.

Jeffersonian simplicity may obtain in the national capital, but not so in the several States. The inaugurations of new Democratic Governors have been gorgeous public spectacles, attended by social "functions" of unprecedented luxury. And now comes the saddest possible intelligence to those who believe that the dress suit is a vestment of monarchy and that to call plain food by foreign names is treason—Mississippi has abandoned that strict simplicity which has always before been observed in her life. From the New Orleans Picayune it is learned that United States Senators John Sharp Williams and James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, and Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, have been invited to attend the meeting of Governors Brewer and Hall, at Gulfport, a midwinter cotillion, which will be the classic in Mississippi's social events this winter. Furthermore, "the biggest men in Mississippi" have sent word that they will attend. The invitations and menus will be handsome affairs, and some novel features will be introduced during the festivities. Another feature will be the reception during the ball and banquet of telegrams from all the Governors of all the Southern States, carrying glad tidings and good cheer to the sister States.

The contemplated spectacle defies the imagination. What a figure old Vardaman will cut in a dress suit with his Seven Sutherland Sisters crop of hair reaching down to the rear right hand pocket! How can he keep his pledge to the people if he leaves the Senate to attend the "function" when he has pledged himself to make one speech every day in the Senate in favor of the enfranchisement of the negro race? Imagine Governor Brewer, also of Leonie locks, participating in a cotillion after he has said that he was kinder the day he joined the church than he was when he was elected Governor! Such a transition in the twinkling of an eye from the greatest elo-

quency to the Babylonian pomp and splendor of a cotillion is unthinkable! When and where did the Mississippians learn to "cotillion"? Is it possible that the beauty and chivalry of "Ole Miss" are about to desert the immortal square dance for the "Jelly wobble," the "grizzly bear" and the "bunny hug"? The very idea of having a foreign and outlandish thing like a menu at a Democratic gathering! We can no more think of Governor Brewer dancing the "Merry Widow Waltz" than we can think of Cicero giving a college yell. And picture Sharp Williams and Vardaman wrapped around each other in the contortions of the turkey trot! Cotillion is an ominous word—it suggests coronation, court presentations, chamberlains, royal coaches and all the glittering and gorgeous trappings of royalty and majesty.

O tempora! O Mississippi! Going straight to the Republican party as fast as it can; two-stepping away from the fading glory of its black slouch hats, white string ties and jim-swinger coats; stuffing its jeans into patent leather pumps; hiding its honest hands in white kids! It is well for the republic that Woodrow Wilson has sounded the tocsin and tabooed Terpsichore.

A PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES.

The candidate for the General Assembly often closes his eyes to his obligation to the people to inform them as to the principles for which he stands. Frequently lawmakers are elected on the pitiful platform of good-fellowship; in a great proportion of instances legislators are chosen who have not previously committed themselves to the support of a set of principles. A. B. Taliaferro, of Orange, is an exception to that rule, for in the latest issue of the Orange Observer, he outlines his "platform of principles," principles which "I heartily advocate and shall always earnestly maintain."

He declares first that "the foundation of all political thought should be the welfare of the greatest number, and any special privilege which excludes them or is antagonistic to their interests cannot be maintained and should not exist. I am a partisan of the doctrine that anything of, from or for the people should meet with our co-operation. It should find in me a fellow worker." It is necessary for him to add the affirmation that he is a "Wilson Democrat and am in sympathy with all conservative-progressive ideas as to government."

Mr. Taliaferro favors: (1) "Pure food laws are essential, and the expansion of this doctrine is necessary." (2) "The producer should acquire the consumer with the composition of his products." (3) "Great factors in our social progress are good roads and good schools." (4) "For they are 'indispensable requisites,' and 'local option, good roads, good schools, flourishing churches... exist together.'" (5) "The convict labor should not be hired or farmed to individuals or private corporations, and thus come into competition with free labor." (6) "I should labor solely for the public, for instance, on the public roads and the like." (7) "Stringent game and fish laws and appropriate legislation for their enforcement should be encouraged." (8) "The fee system is the greatest injustice ever thrust upon a people, and should be greatly modified or abolished." (9) "Another nail in the coffin of the Plunderbund." (10) "Our necessities require the enforcement of the laws we have more from the enactment of new statutes." (11) "The duties and functions of public servants should be concentrated as much as possible and so eliminate useless expense to the people. Public servants are and should remain servants of the many." (12) "A practical declaration for the short ballot." (13) "There should be a just solution of the assessment question and a fair distribution of the burdens of taxation." (14) "The vagrant law should be enforced." (15) "Labor is essential, capital is essential; they are both entitled to a square deal."

The platform is admirable; it is distinctly in line with progressive Democracy. It may be criticized on the ground that it omits declarations as to efficient primary laws and better school laws. The Times-Dispatch does not undertake to endorse the candidacy of legislators throughout the State, but it commends Mr. Taliaferro's platform and is of the opinion that it should be a consideration in his favor. His course ought to be followed by every candidate for the General Assembly. The people should never grant to a legislator an unrestricted franchise to vote as he pleases.

THE END OF POLAR RACES.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the terrible tragedy of Captain Scott's death with four of his brave followers marks the end of polar dashes. The poles have been conquered. By the irony that always marks man's struggle with nature, it was permitted two men to reach the South Pole within a month of each other, and the one who found himself second at the goal perished in his attempted return to headquarters. By an almost equal bit of irony, the glory of Commander Peary's achievement was partly clouded by the Cook fiasco. The man who never reached the pole was first back to civilization with his claims. Even when forced to admit man to her last frozen steadfastness, nature dealt two cruel subtle thrusts at his meals of fame. Yet perhaps of all the conquerors, Captain Scott, despite Amundsen's splendid and merited triumph, has won the most lasting memory. The example of his bravery, of his indomitable spirit supporting his men until the icy death crushed them, will forever hold a high and enduring place in the cloudy trophy-hall of the race. In the future men must seek knowledge in the frozen zones, and not the fleeting privilege of being first to view with human eye a certain portion of the earth's surface. Given Captain Scott's noble sacrifice would have been fruitless in real results had it not been for the contribution to science that he and his band of trained scholars have been able to make. The

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Old Woodshed.
How dear to his heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections presents them to view.
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And in the old woodshed my infancy knew—
The old oaken woodshed,
The moss covered woodshed,
The doggone old woodshed
My infancy knew.

How oft in the gloaming we have journeyed to it,
My father and I back in dear old St. Joe;
And never a journey but what I did rue it,
For he was a mighty hard bitter, you know.
The old oaken woodshed,
The moss covered woodshed,
The doggone old woodshed,
That I used to know.

But when we contemplate our troubles at present
In making a living as grown up folks do,
The old-fashioned punishment looks sort of pleasant,
It was but a moment ere it was all through.
The old oaken woodshed,
The moss covered woodshed,
The doggone old woodshed,
My infancy knew.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.
Every time there is a social function in our village a feller kin see every style of plug hat that has been on the market since the Civil War.

A feller that shows up at the office every morning with a headache ain't never gon' to be the general manager of the establishment.
Everybody seems to be making oat-mobles now exceptin' the bakin' powder companies.
Education is a great thing. A school teacher who is extra efficient can get thirty-five dollars a month. A plumber gets five dollars a day.

If Higgins says he can't afford an automobile to take his gal out ridin' in, but as long as the old gray mare lives he has got a good spark plug, anyway.
Mr. Elmer Jones has got the yaller jaundice at this writing and looks more like a lemon than ever. Miss Amy Pringle got hugged three times on the sleighride last Thursday evening, and now she agrees with Dr. Munyon that there is hope.

Speaking of the way automobile tires wear out, who put the rub in rubber. Miss Euphemia Perkins, of our village, says she is in love with her Art; but, by ginger, we ain't been able as yet to find out what Art's last name is.

One difference between a balky horse and a balky wife is that you can unhitch a balky horse without hiring a lawyer to prove incompetibility of temperament.

A young man kin get a high-falutin' education at Yale or Harvard, but if he wants to get hoss sense the place to go is to some veterinary college.

I Don't Care.
(With the usual apologies to Eva Tang.)
Let folks go on, let prices soar,
I don't care.
Let ultimate consumers roar,
I don't care.

Let statesmen all go forth and battle
Upon the cost of hogs and cattle;
I listen not to their perry prattle,
For I don't care.
CHORUS.
I don't care,
I don't care,
I sit still and keep right cool;
I know my business and I'm no fool.
My wife got a good job teaching school,
So I don't care.

Let other folks to their labors go,
I don't care.
Out in the cold and the sleet and snow,
I don't care.
Let others all get out and hustle
And swear and sweat and toil and tussle,
I never exress a muscle,
For I don't care.

CHORUS.
I don't care,
I don't care,
There's no use in workin', you'll agree,
When the rent and the grub and the clothes are free.
My wife makes enough for her and me,
So I don't care.

Let others satisfy ambition,
I don't care.
I'm satisfied with my ambition,
I don't care.
I do not elevate my station;
I do not seek emancipation.
All I want's my daily ration,
And I don't care.

CHORUS.
I don't care,
I don't care,
I shake Dull Care with a happy jerk.
I greet hard times with a happy smirk.
I love to see my dear wife work,
So I don't care.

Voice of the People

Won't You Help This Veteran?
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir: John Wyatt, of the Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment, a very brave soldier of 1861 to 1865, who was severely wounded several times, but who would never stay in the hospital till well for fear he would miss a battle, is now des-

Abe Martin



Th' style t' be thin comes in right handy with the high cost of livin'. When a speaker adorns his speech with an' fumbles around his inside pocket it's a good time t' quietly leave th' hall.



[Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.]
A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero born of star and sod;
A Peasant Prince; a Masterpiece of God.
—Walter Malone.

Views of the Virginia Editors

A Mantle of Shame.
It is all over town—the mud, of course.—Orange Observer.

What Are They For?
Some of the boys are still wondering what Santa Claus expected them to do with those sleds.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Holding the Parent Responsible.
In Richmond there is a youngster who thinks it is fun to see railway trains plunge from the rails, and he has arranged several private performances of the sort for his edification. Too young to punish, he was turned over by the police to his parents with the request that he be kept away from the railway tracks. The family moved, but the kid train-wrecker found his way back to the tracks and laid a trap for a passenger train. A wreck was averted by the finding of the spike he had placed on the rails.
Now the Police Department of Richmond proposes to hold the boy's father legally responsible for his acts. They have sworn out a warrant for the man, and he will have to appear in court and perhaps give bond for the future good behavior of the child.
This may seem a little hard to some people, but certainly some means ought to be found to protect society against the criminal tendencies of babies even, and if the parents of this boy will not keep him at home, they should be made to do so or else the child should be placed under restraint.
Holding parents legally responsible for the children they have reared without proper discipline will perhaps solve many vexed problems of the future. A great deal that is awry with society is caused by lack of parental supervision and discipline. The means taken by the Richmond police to stop train-wrecking by babies may have a salutary effect elsewhere and prevent countless spectacular but equally dangerous forms of vice.—Portsmouth Star.

Alexandrian Composes Inaugural Song.
Following is a poem composed by A. Gordon Batts, an Alexandrian. The music is by John Stanley.

GET ME—WILSON, THAT'S ALL.
At Washington, the Capitol,
Ye heroes great and small,
Assemble to inaugurate
Wave "Old Glory" that's all,
Virginia's son we honor;
Bring tidings of great joy;
Washington, that's all,
Let banners wave, cannon blast.
CHORUS.
Wilson's happy, Wilson's gr.
On this great inaugural day,
Wave "Old Glory" sing and shout,
Democrats have put Republicans out.
Prosperity come to us,
To this our native land,
Smoke from factories curling,
And work on every hand,
From Maine to California,
Rejoice, be glad and sing;
Wave banners, sound bugle call,
Woodrow Wilson, that's all,
Democrats have put Republicans out.
—Alexandria News.

Remove the Penitentiary.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—I have read with much pleasure your editorial of this morning, entitled "The Cure of Criminals." It has been suggested to me by a gentleman who has had no small part in the building of our city, and also by a clergyman well known for his philanthropy and good deeds, that the penitentiary should be removed from Richmond and the space it now occupies

dedicated to playgrounds. This is a most excellent idea, and should meet with favor on all sides. I am told that perhaps all the buildings at the penitentiary, with one exception, are out of date; but however that may be, it would be well for the State and the unfortunate inmates, to locate all the convicts on a farm. Even those requiring the strictest confinement might be better employed and as safely guarded in the country as in the city. On the other hand, Richmond could well afford to pay a good price for the penitentiary grounds, as the money would be returned to her from increased values of surrounding property in a few years. And perhaps no better space could be found for the city limits for playgrounds, which would be serviceable to the dense population near the heart of the city. But to accomplish this great purpose, the State must be induced to sell, and the city must be educated to buy; and these two results can only be accomplished through the power of the press. The whole matter could be arranged by the next Legislature, if the parties can be brought to an agreement on the subject, and I trust you will use your influence to accomplish this purpose.
Yours truly,
EUGENE C. MARSH

Some Virginia Poets.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—It is one of the good signs of the times that people are reading and also writing poetry. Last week Ben Moomaw requested The Times-Dispatch to reprint and copy some of our Virginia poets. It is indeed a delicate task to select poems in that sacred clude (or exclude) in the list of the men of soul who have made their mark in literature. Many men are poets in expression, but not in feeling. The power of expression in words is an art that has to be developed (though the strong feeling poets are born with it). It is true that the technique of verse writing is not born, but it is a true poet soon learns it.
Now, I started out to mention the names of three Virginia poets (though Sam Weller says that comparisons are odorous), and my next-door neighbor may come to speak to me because I did not include his name in the list.
First, I will mention Dr. Henry M. Clark, of Haymarket, Fauquier County; second, Benjamin C. Moomaw, of Savannah, Alexandria County; and last, but not least, Judge R. T. W. Duke, of Leesville.
Henry Clarkson is a true poet, and his lines are distinguished for human feeling and naturalness. His volume is entitled "Sons of Love and War." Ben Moomaw is well known to the readers of The Times-Dispatch, and he is easily first of The Times-Dispatch poets. His poems have the music of Sidney Lanier, and a brilliancy that is all his own. Also, he has written a notable piece of prose called "The Tank Line Limited." It is a satire on the liquor evil, and in its literary excellence, of style and keen wit is as good as Dean Swift.
Judge Duke is best known as an orator and lecturer, and candidate for Governor, but he has also been guilty of much poetry, and real poetry, too. Most of it has been published in the university prints since he began as a college student.
I know there are other poets that should be mentioned, but I will speak only of three that take my own individual fancy.
—CHARLOTTEVILLE.

National State and City Bank Talks

Automobile Show Week

During the coming week, when Richmond will be host to many people from out of town, who will come to the city to visit the automobile exhibit, the National State and City Bank places its facilities at the disposal of those who may have any financial matters to transact.

In fact, we invite visitors to make our banking rooms their down-town headquarters.

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